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## A COURTEOUS MOTHER.

During the whole of one of last summer's hottest days I had the good fortune to be seated in a railway car near a mother and four children, whose relations with each other were so rarely beautiful that the pleasure of watching them was quite enough to make one forget the discomforts of the journey.

It was plain that they were poor; their clothes were coarse and old, and had been made by inexperienced hands. The mother's bonnet alone would have been enough to have condemned the whole party on any of the world's thoroughfares. I remembered afterwards with shame, that I myself had smiled at the first sight of its antiquated ugliness; but her face was one which it gave you a sense of rest to look upon—it was so earnest, tender, true, and strong. It had little comeliness of shape or color in it; it was thin, and pale, and livid; she was not young; she had worked hard; she had evidently been much ill; but I have seen few faces which gave me such pleasure. I think that she was the wife of a poor clergyman; and I think that clergyman must be one of the Lord's best watchmen of souls. The children—two boys and two girls—were all under the age of twelve, and the youngest could not speak plainly. They had had a rare treat; they had been visiting the mountain, and they were talking over all the wonders they had seen, with a glow of enthusiastic delight which was to be envied. Only a word-for-word record would do justice to their conversation; no description could give any idea of it—so free, so pleasant, so genial, no interruptions, no contradictions; and the mother's part borne all the while with such equal interest and eagerness that no one not seeing her face would dream that she was any other than an elder sister. In the course of the day there were many occasions when it was necessary for her to deny requests, and to ask services, especially from the eldest boy; but no young girl, anxious to please a lover, could have done either with a more tender courtesy. She had her reward; for no lover could have been more tender and manly than this boy of twelve. Their lunch was simple and scanty; but it had the grace of a royal banquet. At the last, the mother produced with much gleefulness three apples and an orange, of which the children had not known. All eyes fastened on the orange. It was evidently a great rarity. I watched to see if this test would bring out selfishness. There was a little selfishness; just the shade of a cloud. The mother said: "How shall I divide this? There is one for each of you; and I shall be best off of all, for I expect big tastes from each of you."

"O, give Annie the orange. Annie loves oranges," spoke out the oldest boy with a sudden air of a conqueror, and at the same time taking the smallest and worst apple himself.

"O yes, let Annie have the orange," echoed the second boy, nine years old.

"Yes, Annie may have the orange, because that is nicer than the apple, and she is a lady, and her brothers are gentlemen," said the mother, quietly. Then there was a merry contest as to who should feed the mother with largest and most frequent mouthfuls; and so the feast went on. Then Annie pretended to want apple, and exchanged thin golden strips of orange for bites out of the cheeks of Baldwin; and, as I sat watching her intently, she suddenly fancied she saw longings in my face, and sprang over to me, holding out a quarter of her orange, and saying, "Don't you want a taste, too?" The mother smiled, understandingly, when I said, "No, I thank you, you dear, generous little girl; I don't care about oranges."

At noon we had a tedious interval of waiting at a dreary station. We sat for two hours on a narrow platform, which the sun had scorched till it smelled of lead. The oldest boy—the little lover—held the youngest child, and talked to her while the tired mother closed her eyes and rested. Now and then he looked over at her, and then back at the baby; and at last he said confidentially to me (for we had become fast friends, by this time) "Isn't it funny, to think that I was ever so small as this baby? And papa says that then mamma was almost a little girl herself!"

The two other children were toiling up and down the banks of the railroad track, picking up eye daisies, buttercups, and coral. They worked like beavers, and on the benches were almost too big for their little hands. Then they came running to give them to their mother. "O dear," thought I, "how that poor tired woman will hate to open her eyes; and she never can take those great bunches of wilting, worthless flowers, in addition to her bundles and bags." I was mistaken.

"O thank you, my darlings! How kind you were! Poor, hot, tired, little flowers, how thirsty they look! If they will only try and keep alive till we get home, we will make them very happy in some water; won't we? And you shall put one bunch by papa's plate, and one by mine." Sweet and happy, the weary and flushed

little children stood looking up in her face while she talked, their hearts thrilling with compassion for the drooping flowers and with delight in the giving of their gift. Then she took great trouble to get a string and tie up the flowers, and then the train came and we were whirling along again. Soon it grew dark, and little Annie's head nodded. Then I heard the mother say to the oldest boy, "Dear, are you too tired to let little Annie put her head on your shoulder and take a nap? We shall get her home in much better case to see papa if we can manage to give her a little sleep." How many boys of twelve hear such words as these from tired, overburdened mothers?

Soon came the city, the final station, with its bustle and noise. I lingered to watch my happy family, hoping to see the father. "Why, papa isn't here!" exclaimed one disappointed little voice after another. "Never mind," said the mother, with a still deeper disappointment in her own tone; "perhaps he had to go to see some poor body who is sick." In the hurry of picking up all the parcels, and the sleepy babies, the poor daisies and buttercups were left forgotten in a corner of the rack. I wondered if the mother had not intended this. May I be forgiven for the justice! A few minutes after, I passed the little group, standing still just outside of the station, and heard the mother say, "O my darlings, I have forgotten your pretty bouquets. I am so sorry! I wonder if I could find them if I went back. Will you all stand still and not stir from this spot if I go?"

"O mamma, don't go, don't go. We will get you some more. Don't go," cried all the children.

"Here are your flowers, madam," said I. "I saw that you had forgotten them, and I took them as mementoes of you and your sweet children." She blushed and looked disconcerted. She was evidently unused to people, and shy with all but her children. However, she thanked me sweetly, and said:

"I was very sorry about them. The children took such trouble to get them; and I think they will revive in water. They cannot be quite dead."

"They will never die!" said I, with an emphasis which went from my heart to hers. Then all her shyness fled. She smiled and we shook hands, and she smiled into each other's eyes with the smile of kindred as we parted.

As I followed on, I heard the two children, who were walking behind, saying to each other: "Wouldn't that have been too bad. Mamma liked them so much, and we never could have got so many all at once again."

"Yes, we could, too, next summer," said the boy, stoutly.

"They are sure of their 'next summers,'" I think, all six of those souls—children, and mother, and father. They may never again raise so many eye-daisies and buttercups "all at once." Perhaps some of the little hands have already picked their last flowers. Nevertheless, their summers are certain. To such souls as these all trees, either here or in God's larger country, are trees of life, with twelve manner of fruits and leaves for healing; and it is but little change from the summer here, whose suns burn and make weary, to the summers there, of which "the Lamb is the light."

Heaven bless them all, wherever they are.

**LITTLE GIRLS.**—There is something about little girls especially lovable; even their wilful, naughty ways seem almost devoid of evil, when they are so soon followed by the sweet penitence that overflows in such copious showers. Your boys are great, noble, generous fellows, loving and full of generous impulses, but they are noisy and demonstrative, and dearly as you love them, you are glad their place is out of doors; but a girl with light step is always beside you. She brings the slippers to papa; and with her pretty, dimpled little fingers unfolds the paper for papa to read; she puts on a thimble no bigger than a fairy's, and, with some very mysterious combination of "doll-rags," exhibits a wonderful assumption of womanly dignity. And who shall tell the little thread of speech that flows with such silvery lightness from those innocent lips, twines itself around the mother's heart, never to rust, not even when the dear little face is hid among the daisies, as so many mothers know? Cherish, then, the little girls, dimpled darlings, who tear their aprons, out the tablecloths, and eat the sugar, and who are themselves the sugar and salt of life! Let them dress and undress their doll-babies to their hearts' content. Answer all the funny questions they ask, and if you must whip them, do it so that if you should remember it, it would not be with tears, for a great many little girls lose their hold before the door from which they have just escaped is shut, and find their way back to the angels.

Hon. Wm. M. Evarts has declined to accept the position of Attorney-General tendered him by the President.

## CHILDLIKE TRUST.

One beautiful afternoon in the Autumn of 1852, a stranger might have been seen strolling along the seashore at D— Presently, for the better enjoyment of the view, he took the upper path leading along the cliffs which form the chief attraction of that part of the coast. The path is in itself a picturesque one, a sloping bank of brushwood descending to the sands, every here and there broken in upon by rugged cliffs.

As Mr. C— walked slowly along gazing on the sunset tints, already beginning to shed a glory over both sea and land he was startled by the sound of many little voices, which made him aware of two facts—that he was not alone; and that what had seemed to him a mere bank of tangled brushwood, was that child's paradise, a thicket of bramble bushes laden with their deep purple fruit. He stood for a little, watching the children, as they rushed fearlessly into the thick tangle to secure the prize. But the time passed more quickly than he thought of, and to shorten his walk he descended one of the sloping banks, intending to return by the sands.

Passing along rather in haste, his ear caught a round of lamentation, which contrasted strangely with the ringing laughter which he had just been listening to; it seemed the sobbing of a little breaking heart. Mr. C— hastened to the rock from which the sound came, and found a little child sitting in agony of weeping. At first she seemed afraid of him; but when he spoke kindly, and asked her to tell him what was the matter, that he might help her, she managed to sob out amidst her tears:

"Oh, sir, they have all got tinneys but me."

Her deeply stained mouth and pinched face proved that she had done her best to have a share of the spoil; but as she said, every time she slipped her foot the berries fell.

Mr. C— bade her dry her eyes now and go home, but meet him the following evening at the same rock, and she would have a little pitcher like the rest. With a look of wandering delight, she dropped a courtesy and ran away.

Reaching her mother's cottage, she ran in breathless to tell her story. She, poor woman, lay in bed, weary with sickness and want, and listened to her little Susan with a smile at her eagerness and impatience for to-morrow to come.

"That was very kind, Susan," she said; "but you don't know the gentleman." "Oh, no," said Susan; "but he promised it, mother, and I'm sure he will do it."

Next evening, when the happy hour came, she ran away full of joyful expectation. "My trusting child!" was her mother's thought; she can believe the words of a stranger, while I—I have doubted the love that I have so long tried and so often proved! When Susan returned to spread her treasure before her, it was exclaiming: "Oh, mother, I have got more than he promised; he has given me both a basket, and a tinney! And that night the simple trust of her child brought new light to this mother's heart, so that she who had begun the day in the midst of unbelief and doubt could rest at last on the promise, "My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Jesus Christ."

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength."

**CROWING HENS.**—"Why shouldn't we crow?" said the speckled hen. "Why, not?" said the white hen. "Why not?" said all the hens, as the question went round. "We are as clever, as strong, as handsome, and as good every way, as that domineering old cock; in my opinion we are superior," said the speckled hen. "And in mine," said the white hen. "And in mine," said all the hens, much impressed and excited by this new view of things. So they practiced, and stretched out their necks, and stuck their heads on one side, all in imitation of the old cock, and a very remarkable noise they made. "Hey-day!" said Drover, stopping as he ran through the yard, to listen to the hubbub; "my dear creatures what are you at? Give up this nonsense. While you keep to clucking, you are highly respectable; but when you take to crowing, you can't think what ridiculous figures you cut! Keep to clucking, dears, keep to clucking!"

**TO SAVE LABOR IN WASHING.**—Soak your clothes over night in clear cold water; in the morning have over the fire what water is necessary to boil them in; add one tablespoonful of saleratus, one pint of soft soap, or one quart of a bar of hard soap, wring or drain your clothes from the water in which they have stood over night, put them in your boiler. Boil three quarters of an hour, when they will need but little rubbing, rinsing, and your clothes will be beautifully white. Your soda will be excellent for washing colored clothes of all kinds. It does not injure the most delicate. One pound of saleratus will do twenty washings for any common family.

## NARROWNESS OF PROFESSIONAL MEN.

The following extract suggests a danger against which lawyers, doctors and ministers should guard themselves:

Every vocation or profession has its peculiar or special tendencies, affecting injuriously those who embrace and follow it; tendencies that give them one-sidedness, incompleteness; tendencies that cripple them, mutilate them, paralyze or cut away something that ought to belong to a healthy, vigorous, whole-souled, wholehearted manhood. When these tendencies are not perceived and acknowledged, and allowed to have their own way, the result is any thing but desirable, true or honorable to such as are marked by it strongly. Lawyers are in danger of getting a chronic suspicion of human nature; a notion that all men are rogues until they are proved to be honest. They are also liable to acquire mere legal minds; to be acute, given to forms and technicalities, hair-trench distinctions and special pleadings; over-cautious manners, dry, acrid dispositions, and questioning and cross-questioning tempers together with other traits not the most amiable or attractive. Doctors are in peril of losing sensibility of suffering and pain, of being chilled in their sympathies, of parting with delicacy of feeling, of deceiving the credulity of ignorance and timidity, and of getting gain out of human weakness.

Clergymen, shut out too much from the real world and from rough and tumble intercourse with it, sometimes live in an ideal world, and are morbid in feeling and mistaken in their theories as to what life is, if not as to what life ought to be. They grow shy, still, formal, too much of a tribute to themselves; and open to the joke that the race is divided into three classes: men, women and ministers. So on through all the various occupations down to those involving hardly more than muscular labor. In each and all these are temptations and influences which are deforming and warping; tending to put faculties and feelings out of balance and true relations. Mind we are far from saying that these temptations are often yielded to, or that these influences are permitted to go unresisted and do harm in all instances. We only assert their existence; and if any proof of this is wanted beyond every body's observation, it can be found in literature—fictitious and dramatic literature especially—wherein the assignment to particular vocations of certain special features of mind and manner is universal and universally accepted as, at least, caricaturing original portraits.

**CHRIST OUR GUEST.**—When one of the boys in an orphan's home had said the grace, "Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest, and bless what thou hast provided," a little fellow looked up and said:—

"Do tell me why the Lord Jesus never comes? We ask him every day to sit with us and he never comes."

"Dear Child only believe, and you may be sure he will come, for he does not despise our invitation." "I shall eat him a seat," said the little fellow; and just then there was a knock at the door. A poor frozen apprentice entered begging a night's lodging. He was made welcome; the chair stood empty for him; every child wanted him to have his plate; and one was lamenting that his bed was too small for the stranger, who was quite touched by such uncommon attentions. The little fellow had been thinking all the time:

"Jesus could not come, so he sent this poor boy in his place—is that it?"

"Yes, dear child, that is just it. Every piece of bread and every drink of water that we give to the poor, or the sick or the prisoners, for Jesus' sake, we give to him. 'How much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

**NEW METHOD OF GRAFTING.**—Dr. Regel describes a new method of grafting as practiced by Herr Freundlich, one of the Russian Court gardeners, with remarkable success. Instead of taking the scions from the previous year's wood, with the bud just beginning to swell, the still soft growing lateral shoots are selected when from half to one and a half inch long, and either bark or tongue grafted, care being taken not to draw the ligature too tight, as they will swell much more rapidly than hard wood scions. Success, he says, is certain, if care be taken that the sap of the stock is in motion at the time the operation is performed. He recommends this mode as superior to all others, especially for hard-wooded trees, such as quercus, fagus, etc., which is usually difficult to propagate from the old wood. New roses and plants, which it is desirable to increase as rapidly as possible, may also be advantageously worked in the same manner.

The case of George T. Huby, colored member of the Texas Convention, and delegate to the Chicago Convention, against the Memphis Morgan for \$5,000 damages, for refusing him admission to a banquet on a trip from Galveston to Brashear City, was decided by Judge Duval, awarding \$250 damages.

## CULTIVATE A TASTE FOR READING.

It requires but little effort, in most instances, to instill into the minds of the young a love for reading. There is a certain charm, so to speak, which to the infant's eye, encircles the book or paper, the offspring of curiosity, no doubt, but which, if properly applied by the parent, grows and strengthens as the mind develops, until a taste for reading becomes firmly established, and its gratification the source of the highest enjoyment. Unlike most earthly pleasures, that derived from reading benefits while it pleases, and thus confers a double blessing upon its recipient.

Says Sir John Herschell:—If I was to pray for a taste which would stand me instead, under every variety of circumstance, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things may go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it, of course, only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher offices, and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles; but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put in his hands a perverse selection of books. You may place him in contact with the best of society in every period of history; with the wisest and wittiest, with the tenderest, and the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity; you make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilization, from having constantly before our eyes the way in which the best informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle, but perfectly irresistible coercion in the habit of reading, well-directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the least effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is the last thing he dreams of.

## HOW TO RAISE FRUIT EVERY YEAR.

If rightly understood, few trees, unless absolutely dead or rotten, need occupy ground without yielding a plentiful crop. After a long and varied series of experiments, I gradually adopted the following modes: As soon as the winter had sufficiently disappeared, and before the sap ascends, I examine my trees; every dead bough is chopped off; when sap has risen sufficiently to show where the blossoms will be, I cut away all the other branches having none on, and also the extremity of every limb, the lower part of which bears a considerable number of buds, thus concentrating the sap of the tree upon the maturation of first wood of fruit. You may think this injures the trees, but it does not; for you will find trees laden with fruit, which formerly yielded nothing. Of course all other well known precautions must be attended to; such as cutting out worms from the roots, placing old iron on the limbs, which acts as a tonic to the sap, etc. Try it, ye who have failed in raising fruit.—*Rural Gentleman.*

**BOTS IN HONOR.**—Referring to the statement made in the United States Agricultural Report for 1861, Col. J. Hamilton writes from Raleigh, N. C., to the Department of Agriculture, stating that he has a recipe from Dr. Gee, of Florida, which he has not tested, but will do so on necessity showing itself. It says:

"You are aware that it is hard sometimes to distinguish between an attack of the bots and one of the colic; the following remedy, however, is equally efficient for either. The reason that a bot can resist the action of agents administered is his power of drawing his head into the walls of the stomach by his tentacles. But he cannot resist chloroform. A tablespoonful of chloroform screened by a couple of spoonfuls of any good maceilage will make him let go his hold even after having bored nearly through."

**CORON BLOOM.**—Mr. E. J. Jackson, who reads about eight miles below Columbia, has left in our office a edition of a very popular thing by shipping female servants to Cayenne and many other places to the male convicts out there.

## BOOKS FOR THE BLIND.

In 1784 Valentin Haüy began those philanthropic labors which gained for him, from the French people, the appropriate designation, "Apostle of the Blind." No long afterwards he became convinced of the necessity of devising some mode of printing, by which touch might supply the place of sight to the reader; and after revolving several plans in his mind, accident (as it is called) finally suggested the best method. Sending his pupil, Lesueur, to his desk one day, for some article, the young man found there a printed card of invitation, which had received an unusually strong impression; passing his fingers over the back of the paper, he distinguished the letter O, and brought the paper to Haüy to show him that he could do so. The philanthropist saw at a glance that the principle of printing for the blind was discovered, and that it was not only necessary to perfect the process. Thereupon followed a series of experiments, conducted by himself and others, resulting, at last, in the alphabet for the blind most generally used in Great Britain and America; which is the Boston letter, invented and perfected by Dr. S. G. Howe, the founder of the Perkins institution for the blind. The recommendations of his letter are its superior legibility and the reduced cost of printing, in consequence of which the number of books printed in it is much greater than in any other. But the great cost of printing books for the blind, in consequence of their bulk and the small editions required, has rendered the supply very scanty. Aside from the Scriptures and the text books in use in the different institutions, there were in 1856, but forty-five miscellaneous books in English, printed in relief, unless we include those printed in arbitrary characters, which, aside from the Scriptures, amounted to nine volumes more. Many of these are quite small, some comprising only a few pages; yet these fifty-five volumes, if sold at actual cost, would have amounted to about \$70, before the war, probably twice as much now.

We have gleaned the facts stated above from an interesting article on the Blind, in Appleton's Cyclopaedia, to which those who desire more extensive information are referred. The thoughtful reader will see at once how limited the provision is that has been made for the literary wants of the blind, and how unable they are to supply the deficiency themselves. With few exceptions, they are unable to purchase costly books; and books printed in raised characters must be costly, compared with those which are produced for ordinary readers.

## ABOUT FLOWERS.

California just now wears her richest crown of floral beauty. Some things the flowers are telling us, which, in the midst of our cares, it is worth our while to regard. Flowers teach us the fullness of creative power. We may easily suppose the world to have been created without any flowers at all, but everybody must feel that thus made, it would have been greatly inferior to what it is now with them. How sadly we should pine for them, if they were to now cease from the earth, and come no more with the returning seasons. How much the eye would miss, how empty would be the breath of spring if on its passing zephyrs no fragrance floated to enliven the delicate sense of smell.

But God did not furnish a cheap world when he furnished a home for his children here, and therefore he spread everywhere the gentle flowers, fair offspring of the sun and rain. We may push our way among Arctic snows and find lichens and other verdant growths maintaining a hard life in the bleak wilderness. Climb the Alps and clamber over glaciers and storm beaten crags, and on the very verge of eternal winter you will find mosses clinging to the jutting rocks, the last outposts of vegetable life. Floral growth is not confined to the land, but along all seas the algae spread their branches, and I reach up their delicate fingers to toy with the spray of the salt sea waves. Catching the light in rainbow tints from the glittering drops, these sea-mosses dress themselves in colors of exquisite hue. Ever on the restless deep are floating the germs of vegetation, so that when a coral reef rises above the waves they at once make a home on its rough surface, and after successive years of bloom and decay, this humble verdure forms a soil for higher and rich growths.—*The Pacific.*

McEtrick has accomplished the feat of walking one hundred miles in twenty-one hours, six minutes and forty-four seconds, for one thousand dollars and the championship of New England. Scott, his competitor, gave out on the ninety-eighth mile.

In 1848 there were two hundred orange trees in the entire of California. They are now to be found in every part of the State, and yield an immense revenue.

The French Government, if doing a very popular thing by shipping female convicts to Cayenne and many other places to the male convicts out there.

## THE YOUTH OF THE SOUTH.

A writer in the New Orleans Times thus vindicates the young men of the South: "Upon a thousand fields of battle they performed heroic deeds of valor, which will live upon the brightest page of history, while since the conflict of arms ceased, they have almost, without an exception, gone nobly to work, and are striving might and main to retrieve their shattered and broken fortunes. The whole history of the world does not afford a more striking example of manly resignation to existing circumstances, and heroic determination to reconstruct their desolated country, than the young men of the South have exhibited since the war in every department of industry."

"Thousands who were reared in affluence and ease can now be seen tilling the fields of corn and cotton, and doing the work of their former slaves."

"In the work-shops, counting rooms, mercantile houses, schools and colleges, the young men of the South have been diligent, faithful and energetic."

"If some have preferred the paths of science to other occupations, by becoming lawyers, doctors or merchants, it is extremely unkind in the *Picayune* to be constantly making them the subjects of its sneers and insinuations. No country without men of science and art has ever attained to any degree of civilization. Why, then, ridicule those attempting to climb the already difficult heights of science?"

"It is much more just and enlightened to encourage those who are striving to qualify themselves to keep alive the noble professions among us?"

## ST JOHN'S DAY.

The 24th of June was the day dedicated to St. John the Baptist, one of the patron saints of the Masonic Order.

"In the middle ages," says a Masonic exchange, "every guild was incorporated, and had its own officers and regulations, as well as peculiar privileges accorded to it by the sovereign. It had its general meetings on stated days, but there was always one day more honored than the rest—the festival that is in the calendar appropriated to a particular saint, of which each corporation had one. The Masonic body are more fortunate, for they have two patrons, viz: St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist."

"On the 24th, all over Europe and America, the Masons meet and celebrate the festival of St. John the Baptist. On these occasions, speeches are made, honoring this ancient order, its great prosperity in modern times, its glorious principles, its faith, its hope, its charity, the many good deeds that it has done, which it blazes, not upon the house-tops, but of which a correct record is kept by the Almighty Architect, in the Grand Lodge on high, and which will be displayed on the great day as bright jewels set upon the breasts of the Kings and Priests of the Eternal Temple of Jehovah."

In these days of demoralization in Church and State, it may not be amiss on this occasion to revert briefly to a distinguishing characteristic of this man while in the flesh. His uncompromising fidelity. The exigencies of our times demand this moral element as truly as did those of the day and generation in which this herald of the Prince of Peace acted his part in the world's grand drama. Temptations to compromise truth and principle are more than ever powerful. Judges have soiled the records, statesmen given the lie to previous reforms, and preachers pandered to prejudice cater still to the popular tastes and the temporal interests of their hearers. Such should learn of St. John: Know the truth; and, knowing, dare maintain it.

## NEWS SUMMARY.

A ship load of Mormon immigrants from Europe is expected at New York City in July.

One farmer in Minnesota sowed this Spring one field of fifteen hundred acres of wheat.

The Democrats are organizing Jackson associations in all the New England States.

Charles O'Connor's income was \$50,000 last year.

Reverdy Johnson's youngest son Edward C. Johnson, will accompany him to England as private secretary.

It is understood that Governor Humphreys, of Mississippi, declines to obey the order removing him from office.

A New Orleans druggist put up a prescription, incorrectly, the patient died, and now his heirs sue for \$35,000 damages.

The yellow fever is still prevalent at Vera Cruz, and the cholera has again broken out at Matamoros, in Texas.